Essex County Herald.

"Mr. Sargent," he said, beseech-

ingly, "this ain't nothin"; it don't

don't know how bad I hate to be

knockin' about from one place to an-

"Why, Lefty," said Clark, horrified, "you don't think I wanted to dis-

charge you! Here, let me help you

up on the horse, and I'll lead him

Clark had a medicine chest, a fair

practical knowledge of the effect of

drugs, and considerable tact in their

use. Lefty, of course, was burning

out-but slowly in this high, dry air,

so unfavorable to the development of

his disease; and Clark doctored him

faithfully with tonics and palliatives.

again; work was found for him about

the house, and he soon came to be

cook and general domestic manager.

He developed into a skilful house-

keeper and his cooking saved much of

the customary wear and tear of the

boys' moral natures. Indeed, Fletch

Phillips declared that it was a more

potent means of grace than the ex-

hortations of the cowboy evangelist

But it was to Sargent's especial

services were watchfully devoted.

over at Lone Jack.

He was not sent out on the range

like I do

to speak.

CHRISTMAS

could have been.

anxiety and distress that he had.

vivial companions; but now the buck-

try without a jug of whisky in it.

ud look all right.

NO. 38.

VOL. XXII.

pitiful effort to pull himself together,

BUSINESS CAMPS. M MANSUR

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Essex County Herald

Nearly a million tons of bufter are manufactured in the United States

San Francisco's municipal ballot at the last election was a yard long, by half a yard wide.

There are more than twenty counties in Ohio each with its county town in the centre of the county.

With the possible exception of Thomas Edison. John Ericson, who conceived the Monitor, was the most prolific inventor of the century, observes the New York Mercury. His ideas sufficed to build up many large fortunes. He was the originator of nearly 1000 devices.

The United States now have about forty vessels engaged in whaling-the remnant of a fleet which once numbered 500 ships. The demand for whale oil has so greatly decreased that the industry has dwindled away. It is now supported chiefly by the demand for whalebone, which is always greatly in excess of the supply. American whalers which go as far north as Baffin's Bay in midsummer generally spend the winter frozen up in Hud-

The Utica Observer denies that the people of Central New York prononnees Uties as though it were spelled "Uticy." And it gets back on the New York Sun, in which the statement occurred, .. ollows: "But how about the pronunciation of New Yorkers? What shall we of Central New York think of the 'queer pronunciation' of those who claim 'New Yawk' or 'Hablem,' as their home? How about the young man who comes up here and tells us about taking some "guoil' (girl) 'faw' a drive in Central 'Pawk' behind his new 'hawss'? And the young man who takes the cable 'cahs' uptown to 'Fawty-thoird street.' and from there rides home on his 'w'eel' (wheel-bicycle) -how about his pronunciation? Isn't it a bit

Says Harper's Weekly; The violent revival of interest in Napoleon auggests that the day will come presently when it will occur to some magazine elitor or other observing person to organize a literary resurrection of General George Washington. Washington has by no means been forgotten in this country. Indeed, he is called to mind every year on his birthday, when his career and character are the subject of editorial articles in numbers of newspapers. But in that part of the country which has developed in the last ninety years he is by no means so conspicuously before the public as in the older cities and States that knew him personally and were honored by his presence. In these older localities his effigies abound and his dignified figure is familiar, but west of the Hudson Washington monuments are scarce, and the Father of his Country is by no means as familiar to the eye as Lincoln, Grant, and other heroes of the Civil War. A Washington revival will be welcome and salutary whenever it comes, and if it brings a new crop of monuments with it, so much the better. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that a contorversy has lately been raging at great length in the London Times about Washington's pedigree. There is no doubt that he derived from the Washingtons of Sulgrave, and came of an English family "never powerful or distinguished, but undoubtedly ancient." The Times says that the Herald's Visitations came to an end in England in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, while few parish registers are older than the reign of James II., and that it is in the period between the two systems of records (a period of emigrations and much disquiet) that is is difficult to trace the Washington line. It seems to have been done at last with results which, though not especially interesting, seem to be accurate and satisfactory to the genealogists. No Washington has been discovered from whom our George would have been likely to have inherited his uncommon qualities, but his title is clear enough to any advantage that may insure to an ascertained derivation from English ancestors, who, though not noblemen, were gentlemen, and whose sole title to fame rests upon the distinction of

THE King of Siam-Chulalonkorn -bas so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to sit up and read the obituary sketches the English and American newspapers published of him, but it is not stated what his opinions are concerning the pictures that accompany them.

their descendant.

HOLLY BERRIES,

Holly berries, holly berries, Red and bright and beaming Through the dusky evergreens Like sprays of coral gleaming, Ye have power to fill the heart

With memories of glee . O', what happy thoughts can cling Round the holly tree! When I see the holly berries

I fancy that I hear Merry chimes and carols sweet Ringing in my ear. Obristmas, with its blazing fires.

And happy hearths, I see ; Oh, what merry thoughts can cling Round the holly tree! Bring the glowing holly berries, Snow is lying deep

All the gay and blooming flowers Till the springtime sleep ; Let them grace our happy homes With their crimson light. Mingling with the somber fir, And the laurel bright. Keenly blows the jey wind.

Shorter grows the day. Winter scatters cold and gloom In his dreary play; fet we love the closing years For the joy they bring, And the boly memories

That round the nolly cling. Holly berries, holly berries, Red and bright and beaming, Through the dusky evergreens Like sprays of coral gleaming; Ye have power to fill the heart With memories of glee: Ab, what happy thoughts can cling

Round the holly tree!

"LEFTY."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



ERTAINLY he was woe-begone object as be rode up to the Rita Blanca ranch house. His clothes were in rags; his immature freckled face sharp with anxiety and possibly with hun-The diminutive

gray pony he rode seemed to share in his dejection; man and beast looked as though life had used them ill, and turned to them only its harshest side.

Clark Sargent was manager of the Rita Blanca, which was owned by an well run, closely managed concern, and a very unpromising shirks, sweaters or loafers of any sort. Clark himself was sitting on the porch as this forlorn-looking pair

came up.
"No," he said in reply to a request for work, "we're not taking on any hands now." Then, as he noted the look of abject despair that settled upon the thin face, "get down and rest and have some dinner. You look Bick.

"No. I ain't sick." was the answer hastily and anxiously given. "I hain't been sick. I'm jest tired an' hungry. I been ridin' all day."

Clark had just come in from where all the headquarters hands, including the cook (for your genuine ranch cook is always a rider, too, and quite as liable as not to be the best broncho buster and handler of cattle in the force) were gathering two-year-olds for shipment, and there was no one at the ranch house but himself.

As he set out some cold grub and put the coffee pot on the stove he glanced at the man from time to time. Something in the meager form-that deer, antelope, coyotes and big looked like a boy's only because it was not strong and well-nourished stuffed and mounted, or stretched enough for a man's-touched his sym-

"Why, you are not able to do a cowboy's work," he said, speaking almost sharply, because he was annoyed

abler than what I look. I'm used to it. I been out in more northers, an' worked to stop more stampedes than I've got fingers an' toes. I can stand anything, if I c'u'd jest git a stiddy no stiddy job for six months; that's what's used me up so."

The end of it was that Clark put Thompson-or Lefty, the sobriquet his lefthandedness had earned for him in the free and easy style of the plains, where a man's conspicuous feature or trait dubs him on the force; and he was started out on regular range work

the next morning. There was no complaint from the boss of any lack of ability, capacity or energy on Lefty's part; and no remarks of any kind from Lefty himself. He seemed only too well satisfied, and most anxious to please.

But one morning, when Clark was riding across the Minneosa pasture, he saw one of his cowboys dismounted and sitting on the ground beside his pony, which was grazing. As the figure remained motionless, he role nearer to see what was the matter, and recognized in the crouched form, with its head on his knees, Lefty. He called to him by name. Lefty

raised his face, wiping his mouth fur-"I git a little dizzy, sometimes," he

"Good God, boy," said Clark, looking at the blood spatters on the brown plains grass, and on the shirt front which the other was trying vainly to

cover with that trembling left hand, "you've had a hemorrhage! Go right up to the house as soon as you can. Lefty staggered to his feet, and

and tanned by Lefty's skilful hands, adorn the walls and floor. Clark's pony, his saddle, spurs and all his equipments and accouterments were kept in the shining and speckwith himself for feeling inclined to less condition of a crack cavalryman's; employ the poor fellow against his and his clothing was searched for business instincts and for pity's sack rents and missing buttons with the eagerness of a young wife, new to her duties.

"loafer" wolves that he has shot,

Lifted out of vagabondage into a comfortable home, and freed from the per at the Antelope House. haunting dread of losing it; simply pleased, like a child, at being a valued factor in the comfort of that home, job. I been out of work-ain't had Lefty, whose springtime had been nipped and chilled by adversity's northers, came into late blossom. His face filled out and bloomed till it looked like a young boy's.

In this fostering atmosphere he put forth numberless entertaining little accomplishments; he discovered unsuspected graces and developed the cheerful optimism of the consumptive. His cough was always "better," and he was mildly impatient of any inquiry as to his health, assuming the attitude of a great stout fellow who ought to be out on the range earning his way, but who accepted these lighter duties because they were of a sort unpopular with the others.

Notwithstanding this, he took faithfully the medicines Clark gave him, as he would have taken, done or endured anything asked or imposed upon him from that quarter.

But there was one medicine Clark could not get him to take; and it was a tonic upon which he placed the most reliance in such a case-plenty of "No, Mr. Sargent," he said, "don't

said appealingly, "when I ride right give me none o' that. Whisky an' hard; I ain't hurt, Mr. Sargent; I me's bad friends." "Why, Lefty, that's mighty queer. I know you've drank plenty of whisky before now."

"Yes, sir; an' it's what I'll never do again; it's been my worst enemy. I've been in with rustlers an' all kinds o' thieves when I was drinkin', an' I didn't get no good by my meanness, stood clinging to his saddle horn, in a me as long as I stuck to it, an' that's possible cover an assailant could have tempered not a little by the remem-

and Clark's helplessness, to get him

One lowering December afternoon they stopped at Antelope for the mail, on their way home from a distant ranch. Things had been going better; it was weeks since Clark's last spree, and he had been doing almost entirely without liquor. But it was Christmas Eve; every bar room was portions of the country which were objectionable because it was formerly full of cowboys and ranchmen, drinking and hilarious.

Clark would have the team put up and fed, and they themselves had sup-

When Lefty went to him in the bar, after supper, Clark would have come, but there was a crowd around him that wouldn't hear of it. Finally, annoyed at Lefty's persistence, they turned their attention to him, and it was only by the exercise of considerable dexterity and address that he got out without having to drink with

Full of anxiety, he went back again and again, sometimes finding Clark determined to make a night of it, sometimes half sobered up and willing to go, but when on the strength of this he got the horses out and brought the buckboard around, he

Once he got him in and they drove as far as the outskirts of the town, when Clark turned obstinate and made him go back. Finally, long after midnight, when

said he would go with him if Lefty would take one drink. Hoping to pacify and get him away Lefty finally took the drink; then, on a similar holidays in the year. ples and promise, another and another, till by the time they left they were about equally intoxicated.

When they came to the first gate into the Rita Blanca pastures, about three miles from the ranch house, Lefty gave the lines to Clark and got down to open it, the whip unheeded, in his hand.

But the long drive in the sharp air

half moonlit plain. The revelation As Left v said this he looked care- was like a bucket of ice water dashed fully away from his employer. Clark's over him, and he gussed instantlyinterfere with my work none; an' you drinking habit was the one gnawing with a throb of that anxiety for Clark which was always with him-that mas began to grow up, as it were. It had been growing steadily worse these were some of the Mexicans with The most powerful agency in making since Lefty came to the Rita Blanca. whom the Rita Blanca was having its observance general was the Sunday-It used to be that Clark only drank to trouble. excess when he went to Antelope,

what is re (a) for any man that loves it found for miles upon that bare, open,

His mortal fear for Clark's life where there were bar rooms and con- swept the befogging fumes out of his interest of children, the Sunday-

board could not be got ready for a drive of a day or two across the counknew that; it was not himself they were after. He could go forward and Lefty's own bitter experience, to open the gate safely, since they likely distributed. ertain passages in which-the most thought him too drunk to notice shameful and criminal-he always re-

ferred with open simplicity, gave him an appreciation and horror of the declivity upon which the other was starting; and he only lacked the courage drove through. Lefty reeled toward the gate, caught

When Clark was beginning on one of his sprees Lefty's beseeching eyes would follow him, only to drop hum- posts might well have thought him tention to their reading lessons at bly when they met his look; and the very drunk indeed. silent protest and entreaty was as well Even while his poor spent frame understood between them as words

Lefty stood between him and publicity so far as was possible, and lessened scheme to save Clark. by his own watchfulness and care the terrible risks Clark ran when drink-

comfort and welfare that his loving ing. It came to be the regular thing the semi-darkness. Why not make it Youth's Companion. that whenever the backboard was seem-why not-The pegs and gun racks in the brought out for one of the manager's He tore the gate open with a lurch

office room at the Rita Blanca are all trips, Lefty got old Hank Pearsall to and flung it wide—"Lefty!" he gleaming buffalo horns, picked up on take charge of the house and the cook-screamed, "Lefty! Drive for your gleaming buffalo horns, picked up on take charge of the house and the cook- screamed, the plain by Lefty, with the weather ing while he drove for Clark. It was life, Lefty!" And as the excitable are little more than drinking songs worn bark of years of exposure on only so that he felt at ease, for then team of cow ponies, trained to run at them, and patiently scraped down and he knew that whatever mandlin reach- the shout, swept through at a gallop, of which singing and dancing then polished till they look like little half ing for the lines or slashing at the he slashed the rear horse with his formed a prominent feature. crescents of jet. He searched out, haif-broke broncho team there was, he whip. The outfit whirled away like a old legend a jolly knight is made to polished and put up, too, the great was there to take care of Clark, who cloud, while Lefty turned to face say: spreading cattle horns over the office had more than once of late rolled out Clark's fate. doors and windows. Clark likes to of the buckboard, and Lefty had had When Clark Sargent, thoroughly

hunt, and the heads and skins of hard work, what with the wild team sobered, got the wild ponies pulled down, turned around and drove back to the gate, there was nothing in sight on the great, gray, glimmering level but a dark, motionless heap by one of the gate posts.

He flung his lines over the post, went and knelt beside the still body. "Lefty," he whispered, with his heart in his throat.

There was no answer. He found the man's shoulders, lifted them, and straightened him out—it was Lefty. Clark raised him gently, and felt for the wounds that were soaking his clothes with blood. Lefty mouned and opened his eyes.

"O, Mr. Sargent, I'm going to die; and who'll take care of you then, when -when you're drinking. "Who is it or: knows like me that's been through it. the hell you're a walkin' right down you, faithful, through the worst of it like I'd a been glad an' proud to? Nobody! Nobody! O. I cap't go-I sin't ready! Mr. Sargent - O. my God!-promise me-promise -"I do, Lefty! I do-I do promise

The Lord be my witness-The dying man, with some reminiscence of a cradle-side prayer, raised his life-scarred hands and taid them together, "For Christ's sake, amen."

he whispered, and breathed no more. As the buckboard went slowly homeward with its freight, the dim light of Christmas morning wrought pallidly upon the plain. It sought out and touched upon the face of that patient care taker, never eloquent as now in its voicelessness.

When Clark came to his own door it was broad day. But Lefty's Christmas was spent otherwhere. - Washington Star.

Christmas in the Past.

The father of the boy or girl of totime when Christmas had practically tendom united upon the observance of no existence for him. In certain parts | the 25th of December. of the country, indeed, Christmas has never been forgotten. In New York City, in Pennsylvania, and in the Easter, has always been observed. In greens they used for church decora-New England, however, in many of the rural parts of New York, and in bay, rosemary, and laurel. Ivy was settled from New England and from sacred to Bacchus. Cypress was somerural New York, Christmas was, forty

years ago, but a name. Some trace of it seemed to have survived in the occasional practice of Boys and girls often hung their morning, if they were fortunate, there was in each stocking a store of nuts, a end of Jar --- y, but must be cleared little candy, and perhaps a jack-knife away before February 2. Candlemas or a thimble. But next day-Christ- Day. The same is true of private mothers went about their usual tasks. | stepped.—New York Sun. There was no holiday and no big Christmas dinner.

The one feast of the year had been eaten at Thanksgiving. The mince pies accumulated for that festival were still making their appearance upon the family table; and the pies, and always failed by a little to get Clark the memory of all the other good things and sports of Thanksgiving, had to serve the children of that period, as far as holidays were concerned, until Fast Day came round again.

In most of the States, indeed, the he went again into the bar, Clark children had not even Fast Day to look forward to. There was no real holiday until the Fourth of July. For them there were practically but two The recollections of Christman

which a person of fifty should undertake to relate to his children would be very much like the celebrated chapter about the snakes in Ireland, which simply stated that there were no snakes in Ireland. He might, however, have a vivid recollection of a rather lonesome ten minutes spent in hanging a woolen stocking by a firehad sobered him up enough that he place, during which time his parents wondered to see the tall posts on each sat solemnly by, looking as if they side of the gate moving. The next did not altogether approve what he moment he knew that there was a man was doing. The joy with which he neither. Whisky starved me an' froze behind each post, it being the only might anticipate a possible gift was

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brance of ove Christmas morning when he arose eagerly, searched his stocking, and found nothing whatever

school. Always on the lookout for something with which to arouse the school of thirty years ago early made It was Clark's life they wanted; he choice of Christmas. "Trees" were introduced as a feature of an annual observance, and many little gifts were

It was customary to have the pas-But if they knew that the one in the birth of Christ read aloud by one of buckboard was Clark, they would the pupils of the Sunday-school who jump upon it and knife him as he could read well, and this office was greatly coveted. The chance of being selected to read these passages aloud it and clung to it, shaking in every at Christmas was a sufficient incentive limb. The silent watchers behind the to many pupils to pay particular atschool for months together.

The interest of the children in these drooped shuddering against the gate, exercises was very great from the start, his single and undeviating mind ran and it soon drew the older people into desperately through every possible an almost equal interest in the revival of the old festival. In a surprisingly They were of much the same height short time Christmas had become the and size-enough so to be mistaken in most important day in the year .-

Old Christmas Carols.

The earliest collection of Christmas carols was published in 1521. Many used at social or religious festivities.

"Not a man here shall taste my March beer Till a Christmas carol he doth sing; Then all clapt their hands, and shouted and

sung. Till the hall and the parlor did ring. Indeed, the burden of many a carol might be condensed into "plum pud-ding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef;" and everybody was expected to indorse the sentiment expressed a couple of hundred years ago in "Poor Robin's Almanack :

Which brings us good cheer. Minced pies and pium pudding, Good ale and strong beer; With pig, goose and capon, The best that may be, So well doth the weather And our stomachs agree.

'Now, thrice welcome, Christmas

No less characteristic is the qualit Nowel—el el el. Now is wel that evere was we Now make we myrth, For Crystes byrth.

while the innate sweetness of Let nothing you dismay; For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Was born upon this day. and of Herrick's "Star Song," and

similar carols, can never be lost. Early Celebration of the Nativity.

Away in the first century there are indications that the Nativity was and brated by the early Christians. Though the date of Christ's birth is only traditional, the 25th of December is believed to have been appointed in the fourth century, by Julius I., Bishop of Rome, as the anniversary of that event. Previously the Eastern Church had observed the 6th of January in special commemoration of the appearance of the Star which guided the Wise Men to the Saviour's birthplace in Bethlehem. For a while the Eastern Church adhered to this date, in spite of Julius's edict, though the Western Church observed the 25th of December. This had a natural tendency to extend the festival over the day can well remember, if he has time intervening between the two reached the age of forty or upward, a dates. In the sixth century all Chris-

Greens for Church Decoration.

People used to be rather more par-South generally, Christmas, as well as ticular than they are now as to what tion. The favorite plants were holly, times used, but its funeral associations made it out of place at so festive a season as Christmas. Mistletoe was excluded because it was sacred to the hanging up the stocking on Christmas | Druidic religion, and perhaps because it was considered too frivolous in its stockings by the fireplace, and in the suggestions. The decorations should properly remain in the church till the mas Day-the boys and girls went to dwellings, for superstition regards it school as usual, and fathers and as a fatal omen if this period is over-



I used to be a handsome bird With feathers black and yellow And wattle red. Upon my word I was a gallant fellow.

I walked the barnyard with a strut, And when I fell to drumming, The little girls would run and cry— "Look out! the gobbler's coming

And when I spread my handsome tail. With pride and joy unfailing. No ship that flocts upon the sea, Had finer rig for sailing.

Alas! my gobbling days are done;
My fate is sad and murky—
I am that poor, ploked, maked thing,
Known as—"a Christmas turkey."
—Pearl Rivers.